

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

PUBLISHED BY THE PULITZER PUBLISHING CO.
Founded by JOSEPH PULITZER.

CHARLES H. JONES,
Editor and Manager.
Office 515 Olive Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

BY CARRIER, ST. LOUIS AND SUBURBS.
Daily and Sunday—Per Week.....10 Cents
Daily and Sunday—Per Month.....45 Cents
Daily and Sunday—Per Year.....\$5.00

BY MAIL.
Daily and Sunday—Per Annum.....\$5.00
Daily and Sunday—Per Month.....45 Cents
Daily and Sunday—Per Year.....\$5.00

Subscribers who fail to receive their paper regularly will confer a favor by reporting the same to this office.
All business or news letters or telegrams should be addressed

POST-DISPATCH, St. Louis, Mo.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

Editorial Rooms.....405

Business Office.....408

S. C. Beckwith, Agt. Foreign Advertising.

Eastern Office, 45 Tribune Building, New York.

Chicago Office, 45 The Bookery.

Entered at the Post-Office at St. Louis as second-class matter.

CIRCULATION

OF THE

Sunday Post-Dispatch.

Sworn Statement of Circulation.

State of Missouri, City of St. Louis—ss.

Personally appeared before me, a Notary Public in and for the City of St. Louis, Mo., G. W. Jones, Business Manager of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, who deposes and says that the regular editions of the Sunday Post-Dispatch the seven previous Sundays, after deducting all spoiled and left-over copies, was as follows:

November 10.....85,253

November 17.....85,441

November 24.....87,725

December 1.....85,874

December 8.....85,871

December 15.....85,559

December 22.....86,917

Total.....602,445

Average for Seven Sundays.....85,063

G. W. JONES, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me the 23rd day of December, 1893.

HARRY M. DUHRING,

Notary Public, City of St. Louis, Mo.

My term expires Oct. 11, 1895.

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the conduct of nations toward each other and with a noble appeal to adhere firmly to Washington's advice to observe in our foreign dealings, "the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy."

This appeal and the entire discourse is peculiarly interesting and valuable just now when our foreign relations are assuming so much prominence and when a numerous, if not able, group of jingo politicians are urging the country to disregard Washington's warnings and throw aside his precepts.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The President is reported to be angry with Wall street on account of its recognition of his Venezuelan message. He finds that because the assertion of the Monroe doctrine threatens to disturb Wall street's amicable arrangements with British financiers and to cut it out of profits on deals with British money the men of the street condemn him unparaphrasing and are trying to obstruct his plans to uphold the national honor.

As long as Mr. Cleveland adhered to a policy which promoted Wall street's schemes and interests, Mr. Cleveland was in the opinion of Wall street a great and patriotic President, but as soon as he made a step in the interest of the country and in support of its honor which was as to the interests of Wall street's pocketbook he is denounced as a dangerous demagogue and Wall street has no further use for him.

On the other hand, the men who have responded to Mr. Cleveland's appeal to patriotism and have rallied earnestly to the support of his American policy regardless of the consequences to their private interests are the men of the West and South who have vigorously opposed his financial policy.

If the situation enables Mr. Cleveland to discover the motives which actuate his erstwhile advisers and admirers of Wall street and to recognize the kind of patriotism that flourishes there; if it enables him to see the difference between their motives and those of the plain people whom he has condemned as enemies of the country, his message will do good service in home politics.

A quarrel between Mr. Cleveland and his Wall street advisers would be in the nature of a Christmas gift to the rest of the country.

A CONTRAST.

It is interesting and instructive to contrast the conditions of Christmastide two years ago with those of to-day. While it is true that poverty is still in evidence and several cities have reported that the winter will be a hard one for the poor, anyone who will take the trouble to look back at the frightful state of things about Christmas, 1891, will feel a sense of grateful relief. The historian who shall properly depict the winter of 1891-1892 will draw a startling picture.

The panic was then just doing its most deadly work. Cases of starvation were being daily reported from all over the country. Suicides because of destitution were common. Relief committees were at work in all the important centers, without being able to cope with the misery. With 21,000,000 bushels of wheat stored in Chicago elevators alone, a woman was crushed to death in the daily fight for the bread dole at a Chicago relief station.

Bradstreet's very conservative estimate gave 80,000 unemployed in 119 principal cities, with about 2,000,000 persons dependent upon them. The future looked black, and tramps were being made wholesale for the "industrial armies" which started early in the spring of 1894. Gov. Leveillé of Kansas issued his famous appeal in behalf of homeless men; women killed their children rather than see them starve, or wept by hundreds in the streets from hunger and cold. This Christmas Day is blessed indeed by comparison. To-day the outlook is right. To-day none need go hungry. To-day we have a right to enjoy Christmas cheer and to wish for all a Merry Christmas with the reasonable belief that our wish is not a hollow mockery.

THE VERB "TO BAYARD."

Although Minister Bayard has not gained honor as a diplomat, he may console himself with the extraordinary distinction of having been the occasion of the cologne of a new word.

The verb "to bayard," which was suggested by the peculiar nature of Mr. Bayard's diplomacy, means, as nearly as its meaning can be gleaned from the quiet hints of his fellow-diplomats, the extremity of the act of putting one's foot in it. "Bayarding" is not merely putting one's foot in it, but clear through it. It means getting into the predicament of having your foot in it as far as the hole will permit.

There were words and phrases already in existence which touch upon, but do not embrace the full meaning of the new word. One might say that bayarding is bayarding, so also is making a fool of one's self; so, too, is trying to make out that you are better than your people and acting the snob. But bayarding embraces the full meaning of the new word. It is the excess of brahminical assiduity in the act of putting one's foot in it. It is to be presumed that it is correct to use the verb in a transitive form in describing the nation which is the victim of a bayarding representative. In that case it is proper to say that the United States have been bayarded, and some way of keeping the foot of our Minister to England out of the hole should be devised if he must be pulled out of England.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

The message of white-winged Peace is abroad in the land. Good will to men will be urged from ten thousand pulpits to-day. Smiles and handshakes will greet us on every side. Let us be sincere, let us be earnest in all this.

But while passing on the message of the Prince of Peace to all, let us not delude ourselves about our eyes to the reality of things. This peace is extended for all, but it is conditional. "Peace on earth and good will to men" is a modern version of the text, and it is a wise one. Peace on earth where there is no peace.

There can be no peace for the bloody-minded Turk until he insures life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to the Armenians. There can be no cessation of the struggle of the people against the plutocracy to enslave them to the power of the lawbreaker, the destroyer of homes, the man who wrecks human lives and makes a mockery of humanity.

As eternal vigilance is the price of lib-

erty, so eternal alertness, aspiration and right action is the price of this peace on earth, good will to men and all such desires. The protection of our country's interests, the spread of liberty throughout the world, the equitable adjustment of social conditions—for all these we must strive strenuously and continuously, in order to attain, deserve and enjoy that peace which is the world's ideal and whose Prince's birth we celebrate to-day.

Much of the alarm of exclusive people over the proposed reduction in the price of upper berths in sleeping cars is groundless. A half-price car a dollar knocked off the price of a berth would not bring in many more disagreeable people than now get into sleepers. The chair cars, in which the passenger may sleep for nothing, prevent any great rush of objectionable poor. In the most aristocratic crowd of sleeping-car passengers there may be as many low mashers and powerful snorers as there are in any other sort of an aggregation.

The English are now ridiculing the story of what Edison would do in case of a great war; but Englishmen have always ridiculed it. It will be remembered that an officer of their army wrote Yankee Doodle, and that after a while nearly all Englishmen took a dislike to that pleasing composition.

Since George Francis Train's promise to elevate Mr. Cleveland to a third condition that no bonds be issued, the country is breathing more freely. It may have been Mr. Train's psychosis that quieted Wall street the other day.

One of the most entertaining displays of the holiday season is the big show of Post-Dispatch circulation figures. Good books always find a market and the best newspaper is always sure of a host of readers and advertisers.

If the Republican nomination should go to some man who has not been anywhere in St. Louis several idolized favorite sons might be disappointed, but would not the party be benefited?

The ground over which the street-cars pass belongs as much to the passengers as to the car companies, but in a five-cent fare for a stand-up ride in a jam there is no recognition of this fact.

Queen Lili seems likely to receive a full pardon, and the Hawaiian Islands have ceased to interest anybody in the United States. Possibly Blount himself has forgotten all about them.

Something must be done to better our streets before the great convention meets. We don't want strangers going away from here saying St. Louis looks like Chicago.

As the Ohio girl who wore red bloomers to church has married the Sunday-school superintendent, her little venture, may have had more method in it than at first appeared.

Visitors to the city must not judge our St. Louis climate by this unusual December. The windows of heaven happen to have been left open—that is all.

John Wanamaker's efforts as a peace-maker in the Philadelphia strike will do more to sell his hymn-books than his entire record as a Cabinet officer.

There is some conjecture as to whether, in the near leap year, Susan Anthony will make David B. Hill or Chauncey Depew a happy man.

Speaker Reed says the arrangement of the House committees was the severest task he ever undertook. He had to make it fit his boom.

The dullest Democrat may see the wisdom of holding the Democratic National Convention anywhere but in St. Louis.

The erring schoolboy has never thought of woman as an oak, but he has at times associated her with the willow and the birch.

Senator Quay may find an "Alligator Joe" in his political game in '96, just as he found one in his poker game in Florida.

The St. Louis Republicans appear to be as unable to uncover corruption as Col. Ed Butler is to detect a powerful odor.

Congressman Sauerhering of Wisconsin is very young, but he does not wish to be considered a minnow.

If a new woman were at the head of the army she would perhaps talk less than our Gen. Miles.

When Mr. Bayard was made Ambassador he had no idea of becoming a verb.

There is nothing merry in Spain's Christmas. Her stockings hang empty.

Bridge and ferry combines should go out with the old year and be kept out.

Every army or navy officer wants war. They all need it in their business.

Uncle Filley's monolithic hat would hold a whole nest of cuckoos.

The Illinois Press Pleased.

From the Peoria Herald.
The papers of the State generally, outside of Chicago, are well enough pleased that the Republican National Convention is to be held in St. Louis.

Setback for Prohibition's Cause.
From the Neoga News.
A Kansas man has discovered that brandy can be made out of wet elm sawdust. Now, a discouraged prohibitionist asks what chance a good cause have when a man can go forth with a ripsway and get drunk on a rail fence.

The Flying Cashier.
From the Philadelphia Times.
As the insanity dodge is being worked effectively in homicide cases, what's the matter with making out absconding cashiers as lunatics?

An Absurd Friendship.
From the Chicago Times-Herald.
It is not untimely to remember that the Republican and the Cossack are very good friends.

T. B. Reed's Sagacity.
From the Washington Post.
The committees of the present House will be conspicuous by reason of the large number of Ohio men who will not serve as their chairman.

WELL-KNOWN ST. LOUISAN.



Seth W. Cobb.

Hon. Seth W. Cobb was born in Southampton County, Va., Dec. 5, 1833. He received a common school education in that district. He joined a volunteer company from his native county and served through the war in the Army of North Virginia. He came to St. Louis in 1867, and worked in a grain commission house for three years, and in 1870 engaged in the same business on his own account. In 1880 he was elected to the Fifty-second Congress, and was re-elected to the Fifty-third Congress. He was President of the Merchants' Exchange in 1880, and was President of the Merchants' Bridge Co. when the bridge was built. He married in 1878 Miss Zoe Desloge. He is now senior member of the firm of S. W. Cobb & Co.

MEN OF MARK.

Sir Edward Malet, after a long and successful diplomatic career, is now employing himself writing opera librettos.

Frederick W. Wurster, Mayor-elect of Brooklyn, has sent in his application to become a member of the League of American Wheelmen.

Capt. Thomas Morley, a survivor of the charge of the Light Brigade, Libby Prison and the Ford's Theater disaster, is living in Washington and is in good health.

Henri Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross League of Geneva, is living in an old age institute in Heiden, Canton Appenzel. He is engaged in writing a history of his own life.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson is recovering, though slowly, from his recent serious illness. He is still confined to his bed, but a few of his most intimate friends are now permitted to see him for a few minutes each day.

Mr. Cyrus C. Adams of New York delivered an address on the "African Movement" at the African Congress in Atlanta recently and said, among other things, that there was no reason for Afro-Americans going to Africa to earn the wages of a day laborer. They can do better at home and Africa doesn't need them. What it needs, Mr. Adams said, was the best of missionary work.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

Outda, the authoress, wears what at all events looks like a reddish wig.

Mme. Melba will sing Gounod's "Ave Maria" at the Christmas Day services at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

At Boston one day recently Mrs. Ballington Booth made three addresses, reviewed the local Salvation Army and attended a reception in the evening. She was at work again next day before 10 o'clock.

Patti, the only Patti, says that she is able to keep her weight to the proper notch by eating more or fewer chocolate creams a day as the case demands. She inclines toward thinness instead of getting stout as do so many women.

Helen Gould will entertain this year at Christmas twenty little orphan girls from New York at her magnificent country place, Lyndhurst. This is the sort of Christmas spirit that brings up the pictures drawn by Dickens of the beautiful season of laurel and holly and kindness.

Mme. Josephine Chatterton, who has for many years resided in America and has recently had to cancel her engagements there on account of distressing circumstances in her family, was given a benefit, taking the form of a matinee concert, at the Criterion Theater, London, on Thursday, the 13th inst. It was under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne and the Duchess of Teck and a large number of eminent artists took part in it.

CURRENT FUN.

Insupportable Mystery: "Mamma," asked the little girl, peering in between two uncut leaves of the magazine, "how did they ever get the printing in there?"

Senator Peffer has discovered that the average cost of burying a United States Senator is something over \$3,000. Let's call it four thousand apiece and finish up the job."—Life.

"How is it that I see you no more with Miss Sweetser?" "Oh, that's all over, I kissed her, and she fired me; that's all there is about it."—"I see; salute for salute."—Boston Transcript.

Influence: "What have you named her?" inquired the visitor. "Bacon," replied the proud young Boston woman. "Is she not a marvel? Only three weeks old and wants to play with the bean bag already."

"Of course we must have a Christmas tree for the children," she said. "I suppose so. Some sort of small evergreen." "Yes," she replied, demurely. "I'd like to have a fir tree. Maybe a smallish spruce will grow on it."—Washington Star.

She (sentimentally): "In the spring all nature smiles, the birds woo, lovers kiss; but, ah! now comes winter." He: "I know more things that kiss all the year round, and never change." She: "Impossible! What?" He (calmly): "Billiard balls."—New York Dispatch.

Coffee in Missouri.
From the Kansas City Journal.
The announcement recently made that a thrifty Missouri farmer had succeeded in growing coffee on his farm, while it may have been a revelation to some, is not much wondered at when one knows the wonderful fertility of its soil and its balmy climate would receive the statement simply as a matter of course and should be run across a full-grown coffee plantation he would not be greatly surprised. Almost every thing grows in Missouri.

What Say Ye, Scots?

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

William Matthews brought suit against the Wisconsin Theater Company for the loss of his horse, which took flight at a procession headed by a Scottish piper in full blouse. The plaintiff alleged that the diabolical noise emitted by the doodlecock caused his horse to rear and plunge and drop dead. He also alleged that a bagpipe was not a musical instrument, but was invented by Highland cattle thieves for the express purpose of stampeding the herds which they desired to steal.

The foreman of the jury knew his business. He told the members that "kain music" came from a "doodlecock," that "der erbsenher Vogner traegt no doodle-sack." He insisted "Zum Teufel mit der Pfeifer!" And the jury responded "Du hast recht," and forthwith gave a verdict for the plaintiff in these words:

We, the jury, find:
1. That the doodlecock is not a musical instrument.
2. That the said horse, being of a nervous temperament was scared to death by an unearthly noise made by a band with the aforesaid doodlecock.
3. That the plaintiff shall recover from the defendants for said horse the sum of \$125.

What Congressmen Call For.

From the Washington Post.
"What are Congressmen of thirty proclivities calling for most numerously?" asked a Post man of the bartender at a swell up-town hotel. "What special drink might be termed the statesmen's favorite?"

"Well, I believe most of them stick to plain, red liquor. The Southern men, especially, prefer whisky. A good many are ordering champagne right now; may be they'll loosen up a little towards the holidays. When it comes to fancy drinks they're over the top of each other. The majority of Representatives seem to be in the 'golden faze,' by some called the 'royal faze.' It is composed of a whole egg, lemon juice and sugar, Holland gin, and cracked ice and vichy.

1992

ITORS,

not figured on CALENDAR

T COMPANY,
and Locust Sts.
US, \$3,000,000.00.

On Monday, Judge Frank J. Kampman, Jr., in a suit for back on land.

On Tuesday, day comes the plaintiff, by its attorney, and it appears to the court from the record that the defendant is not in the city. Sheriff on the case is not to be found in the City of St. Louis, and the court being satisfied that the name of the defendant is not in the city, the court ordered that said defendants be notified that the action has been commenced against them, the act of the court being to set aside the judgment of the State of Missouri for the delinquent taxes for the years 1907 and 1908, amounting to the sum of \$1,000.00.

The following described real estate, situated, lying and being in the City of St. Louis, to-wit:

Lot 1, Block 1, Subdivision 1, of the City of St. Louis, containing 1/4 acre, being a front of nineteen (19) feet on Second street and 100 feet on Third street, being the same as described by Remmler, east by Second street, south by Center and west by alley, and upon they appear.

February 21st, 1906, and on or before the third day of next, answer the plaintiff's petition, the same to be taken against them as confessed.

And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be filed according to law in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, a newspaper printed and published in the City of St. Louis.

True copy from the record.

Witness my hand and seal of the Circuit Court of the City of St. Louis, this 7th day of December, 1906.

THOS. B. RODGERS, Clerk.

Seal of Court.)
C. SLEVIN, Plaintiff's Attorney. 4989

STATE of Florence Anselme, Deceased.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Florence Anselme, deceased, were granted to the undersigned and the Probate Court of the city of St. Louis on the 16th day of December, 1905.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned for allowance within one year after the date of the date of the letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate, and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication they will be forever barred.

Dated this 16th day of December, 1905.

FRANK ANSELME.

his question, and they rode on silently for
ime. Then another bundle tumbled down.
dived for it and restored it to her lap.
I'm belated by Christmas shopping, you
," she said, looking at her packages.

the last moment—no matter when you begin. Christmas is like other woman's work, I suppose—it's never done. Since we moved uptown the shops seem so far away, going backward and forward takes all spare time, though we are near the

The Venus was married. Brett wished her husband joy of her.

"I'll go to the great of the avenue," Grace continued. "My mother likes it, but it's so homelike for the old trees in the square." "Yes, I like it," said the Venus.

"Yes, I remember how you loved it," he answered. And they both fell to weeping.

Grace now began to look out of the window and gather her parcels together in a hasty way. "I must go," she said, "to my destination. Presently she bade him go by the car. "There is the storage house," she said. "A car is waiting for you to go by," she said, and hurried away.

"What a strange woman," he thought. "Is he so? Would it be impertinent to ask her safe conduct? Dread of trespassing on the rights of others? Or is she simply going to follow her, and she might have left away into the night, leaving him alone?"

He crossed the street in the direction she had taken. He instantly jumped out of the car and hurried east.

This was a poor neighborhood, where blocks alternated with tenement houses, whose plain faces were scarred by the fire escapes which marked their overpopulation. The street lamps flickered dimly, and somewhere an asthmatic hand organ was grinding out "Two Little Girls in Blue." His eyes were still so dazzled by the brilliancy of the thoroughfare that, for a

[illegible]

But you could not comprehend, you are pure and good; I think even your God is pure and good. I cannot understand a man's weakness, but I want to believe me when I tell you your act was wrong. You always were and you always will be a weak man. I would for me. I was crazy with misery and you refused to listen that night, when I was in the agony of grief. I had no longer a right to speak." "I don't please don't!" she remonstrated, looking down at her and noticed she was crying softly.

"I saw some of your know-nothings in a win-to-day," he continued. "I taught them what was what and they were glad to send them to you—I did not even know you lived—I wish to have been

you could forgive me if you knew
desolate my life is without you. I
stand there and I look upon him as
snake. He bent nearer to me. "Tell me
for the sake of our old love, is there
any one else in your life now? Why
do I not see you with him? Tell me
let me try to win you again, my
love." He pressed her soft cheek against
hand and he lay on his "Oh, my dear
I too, have been so forgiven. I
I suffered bitterly, she cried. "What
can I do to deserve your desire to for-
again? No." "But now I only pray that
may grant me a long life to make
ade for the misery I have caused you."
He took her hand and he said "I
for joyous times than "after many days"
and they walked away together to the row-
ing club. The "after many days" was
in the commonplace of the busy street was
transmuted by the glow of their love
and the glow of the sun. The "after many
memory of the green Colonial garden
over like a perfume. The "after many
days" was the "after many days".

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$3,000,000.00.

